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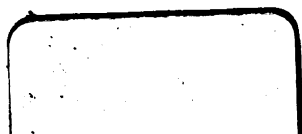
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147. f.

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With the Author's Comments

Star

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CREATION,

A Sacred Poem.

By OXONIENSIS.

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Keep



# CREATION.

(A Sacred Poem.)

BY OXONIENSIS.

BOOK I.

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Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto;  
Non, mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque centum,  
Ferreus vox; ades, et primi lege littoris oram.

VIRGIL. *Georg.* II. 42.

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London:

E. LUMLEY, 126, HIGH HOLBORN.

MDCCLII.

147. f. 118.





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## PREFACE.

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THE following stanzas commencing, so to speak, non *ab initio*, sed *antè initium*, present rather an excursive flight of imagination, than anything real or tangible, until, emerging from Chaos, the poem finds terra firma in the first chapter of Genesis.

In sending this his first book of "Creation" to its account, with all its acknowledged imperfections on its head, accompanied by the dangerous novelty of (as far as he knows,) an untried stanza, the author feels himself called upon to apologize in some sort for his apparent presumption, and to propitiate, if possible, the stickler for standard metrical rules against all rhythmical innovations :—and this he conceives he cannot better do than in the words of Lord Byron.

"I am aware," writes that illustrious Poet, "that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a *rhymist*."

"The opinion of that truly great man, whom it is

also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all. But with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets, although even they could sustain the subject, if well balanced; but in the stanza of Spencer, or of Tasso, or in the *terza rima* of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language."

How far, in his present attempt, the author has succeeded in imparting the fluency of blank verse to stanzas rhyming regularly, *non longo intervallo* between the recurrence of the corresponding rhyme in each separate stanza, he leaves to abler capacities than his own to decide: as also to what amount of originality of thought, &c., his muse may be entitled.

The occasional introduction of an entire line from Milton will not be attributed to a piratical propensity; but, in truth, to a desire to balance and sustain the verse at concert pitch, as singers, inexpert, are wont to touch a note of a well-tuned instrument to sustain the failing powers of the voice.

# CREATION.

## BOOK I.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

THE poem opens with a brief avowal of its subject; and an invocation of the Holy Spirit.

Nature extolled: nature's God more so. Anarchy and confusion of the elements before order was educed from chaos.

Satan in the bottomless abyss, foul, hideous, degraded;—tormented with flames, yet smiling with fiendish satisfaction at his having drawn down to perdition a third part of the angelic host.—He hears chaos bursting forth by Divine appointment preparatory to the reduction of all things to order and harmony: but inasmuch as only two points in space are supposed as yet to exist, (viz., heaven and hell,) he is at a loss to conjecture the cause of disturbance; but comes to the conclusion most in accordance with his wishes, that war may have again broken out in Heaven. Hell dismayed—Satan, alone unmoved, stands on an eminence, and brandishing a fiery dart, summons the infernal forces: reviews them, and wonders at his late defeat. Death as inflicted on the fallen angels compared with death as inflicted on man; shown to be worse, and beyond remedy. Hell's entire forces having as-

sembled, and silence prevailing, Satan harangues them in a long and impious speech.—With miserable sophistry, he questions the perfection of Jehovah's works; assuming that, if he had been made originally perfect, he would have remained for ever incapable of transgression; thence takes occasion to arraign the wisdom of God in that He had endowed immortal spirits with free-agency: which gift however, he for his own evil purposes still covets to retain.—Reminds his followers of their late failure; and recapitulates the circumstances attendant on; and productive of his and their overthrow; viz., jealousy of the power vested in the Son of God; and wounded pride, in that he and they had been selected by the Omnipotent to proceed northward for the expulsion of Darkness, Silence, and Night, preparatory to the advent of the Son, for the creation of a universe which God had declared that He, through the agency of the filial Godhead, intended shortly to establish. Relates that while on this mission, he secretly resolved to gain over to him those powers to dislodge whom he had been commissioned; and with them attempt to take Heaven by surprise: but that, with the thought, he found himself and them suddenly and entirely deprived of celestial light.—That they notwithstanding made the attempt, and were repulsed to hell, which he represents as a comet traversing space, and destined thereafter so to do, and to increase as well in bulk as numerically, objects of terror to the inhabitants of the intended worlds. Relates what he heard reported last in Heaven touching their future; and calculates on six thousand years from the creation of the visible universe for the perpetration of his designs; and expresses the devilish hope that, within the limit prescribed, they may be able greatly to mar God's works and the beauty of holiness. Chaos, now at its height, wakes up Silence and Night; while Darkness, recoiling, falls back on Hell for protection; who in her turn dismayed, rouses her fires to throw off the incubus, but to no purpose. Satan

feels retreating Darkness overshadow the infernal abyss: and now, for the first time, an indescribable sensation bordering on fear overtakes him, as, Chaos subsiding, he recognizes seraphic music, which allays the roar of anarchy and confusion. The gates of Heaven wide opening, the Son goes forth with myriad angels to create the worlds; fanning with their wings incipient light. Satan, hovering on the outer confines of Night, watches the course of events.

Herald cherubs advancing, announce with the blast of a trumpet the Son's sacred mission:—at the conclusion whereof the heavenly host shout with joy unheard before or since;—while the Son says "*Let there be Light!*"—which bursting forth, Hell, Night, and Darkness flee, Satan following; and loud acclamations greet the universal beam, which, at God's bidding, touches the nebulous rising vapours:—they instantly dispart, and become lucid aqueous globes: these by the application of centrifugal force convolve, reflecting light and shadow; by which division of Light from Darkness the first day's work is completed.



# CREATION.

## BOOK I.

---

### I.

Of things primeval, and the fate  
Of angels headlong hurl'd, and worlds up-rai's'd ;  
Of Him, on whom no mortal eye hath gaz'd,  
And Him who sat

### II.

At His right hand on high ;—who spake  
The word ; and lo ! the universe !—who laid  
The deep foundations of the hills, so stay'd  
That none should shake

### III.

The centre, Him, and these I sing.  
And Thou, to whose prospective vision clear,  
Things womb'd in dark futurity, appear ;  
Mysterious spring

B



## IV.

Of light<sup>1</sup> ! ere mountains were of old  
Brought forth, or earth, and the round worlds were made ;  
Spirit Eternal ! show Thyself :—array'd  
In softest fold

## V.

Of dazzling, radiant robe of light,  
<sup>2</sup> Veiling wherewith Thy face, to mortal man  
Thou giv'st the pow'r Thy wondrous ways to scan.  
With inward sight

## VI.

Illume that portion which alone  
<sup>3</sup> May look upon thy countenance and live.  
That harp attune, which Thou didst deign to give,  
That not a tone

## VII.

Discordant to Thy will may flow,  
Though great the height to which the Muse would soar,  
In numbers wellnigh never sung before,  
Of bard below.

## VIII.

Nature, all wonderful art thou !—  
Yet, not so wonderful art thou, as He  
Who held at first thy secret master-key,  
And holds it now.

## IX.

<sup>4</sup> In the beginning, heav'n and earth  
 He made: The earth was without form and void:  
 Darkness the deep o'er-shadow'd, as to hide  
 Creation's birth.

## X.

There, giant Darkness strove to dwell;  
 While heav'd the flood in sullen majesty,  
 Mingling its booming waves with earth and sky,  
 In troubled swell.

## XI.

Earth, sky, and mighty sea were one  
<sup>5</sup> Rude, crude, incongruous mass:—to all intents,  
 Incestuous union of the elements,  
 Ere time begun.

## XII.

Satan look'd up from hell, and smil'd:  
 For, ere the Word His work of worlds display'd,  
 Jehovah war on Lucifer had made:—  
 The latter, foil'd

## XIII.

In his presumptuous enterprise,  
 Down with his angels hurl'd to lowest hell,  
 "With hideous ruin and combustion" fell,  
 No more to rise

## XIV.

Waging dread war a second time,  
In open combat with th' Almighty Sire;  
Scarr'd by the thunderbolts, and vivid fire  
Of God sublime!—

## XV.

Yet there he stood amid the flame :—  
And though he winc'd with agony the while,  
He could disguise his torture with a smile,  
Cursing the name,

## XVI.

And works of Heav'n's Almighty King :—  
Too proud to own defeat ;—too weak to rise  
With vain attempt to reach his native skies,  
On dragon wing.

## XVII.

That form once godlike, now how chang'd !  
Those eyes that erst with heavenly lustre shone,  
Reflecting bright effulgence round the throne,  
From joy estrang'd,

## XVIII.

And every thought that could aspire  
To deeds of high renown, look'd sneeringly  
Indignant on the deep abyss hard by,  
And lake of fire.<sup>6</sup>

## XIX.

The comely locks of auburn hair,  
That erst adorn'd his alabaster throat,  
And wanton o'er his shoulders wont to float,  
No longer there,

## XX.

Had fouler foul'd hell's atmosphere,  
What time the lambent flames uprising, red,  
Lick'd the long tresses from the demon's head,  
Mid lurid glare

## XXI.

Of sulphur and asphaltum. Oh!  
Sight, horrible! appalling! terror-crown'd!  
Lo! as the blasted spirit turn'd him round,  
Gazing below

## XXII.

On darkest realms of endless pain,  
His shapeless scalp, where late the ringlets grew,  
Reveal'd a covering of unfleshy hue,  
Dark as the brain

## XXIII.

Beneath it :—while dilating wide,  
Deform'd, of ill-proportion'd length, and magnitude,  
A jagged ear did from his scull protrude  
On either side.

## XXIV.

And as the fiend up-heav'd his wing,  
Imagination forc'd, could feebly guess,  
How passing hideous was the hideousness  
Of hell's foul king.

## XXV.

The Seraph lustre all had fled :—  
The downy pinion, white as virgin snow,  
On his dark shoulder-blade had ceas'd to grow :  
There, in its stead,

## XXVI.

Had sprung up, webb'd, and dragon-like,  
Of fin-like form, with sharp extremity,  
And harsh, as though not purposing to fly,  
But form'd to strike,

## XXVII.

A glaz'd and philm-connected sail :—  
And as the fiend unclos'd each burnish'd fold,  
It rattled like the clattering of old,  
From coat of mail.

## XXVIII.

While on his back, and underneath,  
As if to fortify his tarnish'd frame,  
Or make it proof against eternal flame,  
Full many a wreath

## XXIX.

Of polish'd scales around him twin'd—  
Yet wherefore dwell on each deformity?  
Enough, perdition lurk'd within his eye,  
Hell in his mind.

## XXX.

Leaning in meditative mood,  
On a projecting fragment of a rock,  
That had surviv'd the elemental shock,  
He view'd the flood

## XXXI.

Of undulating flame below,  
Dashing its fiery foaming surf on high,  
As it would beard the everlasting sky,  
And overflow

## XXXII.

Hell's boundary.—Thence he could see  
Th' extremest limit of the raging main :  
Those regions of intolerable pain,  
Ah ! never free

## XXXIII.

From lamentation long, and loud :—  
7 Whence the foul smoke of torment doth ascend,  
In black begriming columns, without end,  
A fearful cloud !

## XXXIV.

He listen'd, and again a smile  
Of fiendish satisfaction curv'd upon  
His livid cheek, as, ever and anon,  
The roaring pile

## XXXV.

Of red-hot rocks and mountains, fed  
By streams of flowing naphtha, fiercer grew;  
And hissing shells of fiery granite flew  
Around his head.

## XXXVI.

Yet wherefore did his iron brow  
Resolve itself from its accustom'd frown?  
Could pity soften those hard features down?  
Stern monster! no!—

## XXXVII.

He heard the long and deep-drawn sigh;  
The stifled breath, and agonizing groan  
Of keenest torture;—to his heart of stone  
'Twas minstrelsy:

## XXXVIII.

He felt that he was not alone.  
8 Ten thousand thousand blasted spirits fell,  
To share with him the miseries of hell,  
All,—all by one

## XXXIX.

Dread deed of vengeance—be it so ;  
He smil'd to know that they, as well as he,  
Were doom'd to writhe to all eternity,  
In abject woe.

## XL.

Again the arch-fiend turned him round :  
His keen and all-discriminating ear,  
Attentively erect, would seem to hear  
Some distant sound.

## XLI.

It seem'd nor sound of hell, nor yet  
Of heav'n :—earth was not ;—nor had time begun :—  
Nor moon to wax, or wane ; nor joyous sun  
To rise, or set.

## XLII.

God, with eternity and space  
Coeval, and the Son coequal reign'd  
O'er seraphim in heav'n :—Satan had gain'd  
That other place.

## XLIII.

Call'd hell the dreadful : meet reward  
For him prepar'd, and his rebellious bands,  
Who 'gainst their God to raise conflicting hands  
Had vainly dar'd.



## XLIV.

The rest,—what lay out-spun between  
These two, was dark, and drear vacuity.  
While looming lay beyond, infinity  
Immense, unseen,

## XLV.

Incomprehensible. Then whence  
Those sounds? In the third heav'n where angels sang,  
The vaulted arch with "hallelujahs" rang :  
It was not thence

## XLVI.

Aught of confusion could arise ;  
(For such it seem'd ;) of flood, and crackling flame,  
Loud roaring winds, and tumbling rocks there came  
A deaf'ning noise.

## XLVII.

'Twas Chaos :—by th' Almighty will  
Sent forth to revel amid boundless space,  
Till order of confusion should take place,  
And all be still.

## XLVIII.

Behind the pure empyreal ray,  
Till then, the essence and the source of things  
As yet unform'd, with all the hidden springs  
Of Nature lay

## XLIX.

In slumber cradled.—At His nod,  
Earth, ocean, fire, and buoyant air, behold !  
Burst into mingled life ; and onward roll'd  
To greet their God,

## L.

Who sent them with disorder rife ;  
That, from confusion, and a seeming curse,  
There might arise a splendid universe  
Of light and life !

## LI.

It was a mystery in hell.  
Th' accursed spirits heard th' appalling sound,  
Down in the deepest depth of the profound ;  
But none could tell

## LII.

The cause. .E'en Satan was deceiv'd,  
Despite his vaunted cunning :—from afar  
Distinguish'd, as he thought, loud shout of war ;  
And he believ'd,

## LIII.

Nay worse, believing, lean'd on hope  
That other legions lost, had dar'd to raise,  
In lieu of homage, and harmonious praise,  
The bold war-whoop,

## LIV.

And shout of loud defiance.—On,—  
On roll'd the din, dread noises thundering,  
Till Hell herself, appall'd, lay wondering  
At what was done,

## LV.

While dumb Expectancy and Fear  
Stood mute; and Panic hover'd o'er that sea of fire.  
Yet undismay'd Hell's proud rebellious sire;  
For on his ear

## LVI.

The loud artillery of heaven  
Had ceas'd to roll terrific :—such the force  
Of habit, and habitual intercourse  
With mountains riv'n

## LVII.

Asunder, and rocks split in twain !  
Heav'n's ordnance, with its cataracts of red-  
Hot thunderbolts, fell noiseless on his head;  
Nor turn'd the brain

## LVIII.

Of one, who erst had turn'd a host  
Of heav'n-created troops : had not The Lamb,  
(That same who since convers'd with Abraham,)  
And th' Holy Ghost,

## LIX.

And Michael, great Archangel, blown  
Their trumpets with a shrill and mighty blas  
And myriads numberless, from first to last  
Of angels, flown

## LX.

From Light's remotest realms.—These came,  
Rallying around the standard of their king :  
Then charg'd ;—and headlong hurl'd the guilty thing,  
Cover'd with shame

## LXI.

And dire confusion, him, and all  
His angels, into everlasting doom  
Of black despair and torture, to consume,  
Beyond recall

## LXII.

Of grace, or hope of pardon, in  
The depths of desolation and distress :—  
To mercy lost ;—himself the merciless  
Father of Sin.

## LXIII.

There, mid the myriads round his throne  
That throng'd, unknowing what those sounds might be,  
He, prince of that dark principality,  
Forth stood alone

## LXIV.

On that bad eminence, un-mov'd,  
And un-affrighted. Not a look display'd  
Fear on his cheek, or nervousness betray'd.  
As tho' he lov'd

## LXV.

Loud din of everlasting war,  
He brandish'd o'er his head a fiery spear,  
Bidding his hellish multitudes draw near ;  
Those from afar,

## LXVI.

And those, the choicest of his band,  
His councillors, and firm associates,  
Who dar'd, with him, unbar the fast-clos'd gates  
Of heav'n, and stand,

## LXVII.

Presumptuous, before the throne  
Of the Most High :—dar'd impiously require  
The crown and sceptre of th' Almighty Sire :  
Claim'd as their own

## LXVIII.

The right, not privilege to reign ;  
And raising thro' wide heav'n their loud alarms,  
Dar'd e'en "defy th' Omnipotent to arms,"  
And conflict vain.

## LXIX.

They came : the chiefest of the chief  
Captains of dire perdition :—a long line,  
Of what were once angelic forms divine ;  
Now worn with grief

## LXX.

And furrowing torture, to the snare  
Of what they were :—albeit they did retain,  
Despite the trenches deep and broad that pain  
And fire had made

## LXXI.

On their swoll'n visages, a look  
Of blasted godliness : a hideous kind  
Of beauty :—animation void of mind :  
Eyes that bespoke

## LXXII.

Hatred with love com-mingling :—an  
Impiety half pious ;—and a smile,  
Masking a sullen seriousness the while  
Its coldness ran

## LXXIII.

Curdling throughout the cheek.—They came.  
As, when December suns have made their grave  
On the smooth bosom of the western wave,  
And wrapt in flame

## LXXIV.

Of parting glory all the sky  
Westward, and night draws down her sable veil  
O'er the broad lineaments of hill and dale,  
One might descry,

## LXXV.

From out th' Atlantic driv'n, a host  
Of wild-fowl piloting beneath the moon  
Aërial voyage, stooping now, as soon  
T' o'er-spread the coast

## LXXVI.

With no less dark impending frown,  
Than, if a thunder cloud should burst around,  
And pitchy streams descending, drench the ground,  
As they would drown

## LXXVII.

The world with blackness ; such, so dark,  
So dense, from out the rolling molten lake  
Of hell, did those apostate angels take  
Their course, and mark

## LXXVIII.

Their way from light of penal fire,  
Thro' darkness of despair, to that light, worst  
Of lights,—th' unholy countenance accurst  
Of him the Sire

## LXXIX.

Of Hell,—and Torment, Sin, and Death.  
They came ; and circling round what seem'd a throne,  
In front whereof stood Satan, furious grown,  
Evolving breath

## LXXX.

<sup>9</sup> That, kindling, burst in flame from out  
His jaw, lik'ning a mimic hell ;—updrew  
Their mighty squadrons, halting in full view :—  
Then wheel'd about,

## LXXXI.

And in one long extended line,  
By martial sounds inspir'd, came marching on,  
Full in the face of hell's infernal Sun,  
Who, if he shine,

## LXXXII.

<sup>10</sup> Blasts with the blackness of his light  
All things he gazes on.—Again they halt :—  
Now arms present, obsequious : now exalt,  
And praise the might

## LXXXIII.

Of their bold leader.—He, the while,  
With scrutinizing eye each troop reviews,  
As onward it advances : then, pursues  
Thro' rank, and file,



## LXXXIV.

Swift glance of strict inquiry :—and  
Struck with the dazzling show, he wonders how  
Erewhile he lost that field :—for even now,  
With a proud band

## LXXXV.

Like that, the rebel thought he might  
Intimidate the High and Holy One :—  
But for the thunder of th' Eternal Son,  
And lightning bright

## LXXXVI.

Of Michael, mightiest mid the host  
Of warlike cherubim.—Such vain pride coil'd  
Its chain around his heart, already foiled,  
Vanquish'd and lost

## LXXXVII.

To all pretence of conflict. Hell,  
E'en from her lowest depth belch'd forth her flame ;  
And at each fiery eructation came  
Myriads of well-

## LXXXVIII.

Pois'd spears :—in number only less  
Than those, innumerable, in realms of light :  
And, but for work of fire, wellnigh as bright  
As they.—Distress

## LXXXIX.

Deep brand had seal'd upon the brow  
Of every blasted combatant :—Despair  
Had left indented melancholy there,  
Where late the glow

## XC.

Of seraph lustre, not less clear  
Than the sun's orient beam at dawn of day,  
When first he gilds the mountain with his ray,  
Sat cloudless.—Here

## XCI.

Of beauty what surviv'd, but serv'd  
Too well to show from what exalted state  
Of glory, and from dignity how great,  
Angels had swerv'd

## XCII.

In most unholy enterprise.  
As, when the soul from out the lifeless clay  
Hath vanish'd,—whither-ward, ah ! who can say ?  
The deep sunk eyes,

## XCIII.

And rigid countenance proclaim  
Dishonour, and discourse of silent death ;  
The features yet remain, as when God's breath  
Erewhile life's flame

## XCIV.

Did fan ; and though the bosom heave  
Respiring now no more, pulsation gone ;  
The fingers ice-sicles, and the heart a stone ;  
One might perceive,

## XCV.

Amid that wreck of nature dire,  
Of human form faint outline ;—though the light  
Fall dimly on the winding-sheet,—death's white,  
Yet sad attire ;—

## XCVI.

So, neither had these faded lost  
All traces of what former excellence  
They late in heav'n display'd, though banish'd thence ;  
From the bright host

## XCVII.

Angelic sever'd. Spirits they seem'd ;  
Spirits asunder parted from their soul.<sup>11</sup>  
The vital flame that erst illum'd the whole  
Immortal, gleam'd

## XCVIII.

No longer ; yet immortal they. .  
For God, whose word is powerfully keen,  
Sharper than sword of double edge, the seen  
From th' unseen, yea,

## XCIX.

Dissev'ring in an instant e'en  
The subtlest essences, howe'er unite ;  
Cannot annihilate those forms of light  
That long have been

## c.

Existent ere the worlds began,  
And by His never changing will were made  
Un-dying from the first.—Spirits may fade,  
But never can

## CI.

The soul immortal fail, or cease  
To be.—The soul that sinneth, it shall die  
To God, and heav'n ;—yet live eternally,  
Remote from peace

## CII.

And happiness.—Angels have sinn'd ;  
And, sinning, reap'd sin's wages.—What is death  
To us, to them is worse :—They lose the breath  
Of holy mind,

## CIII.

And that pure essence, which, nor pray'r,  
Nor after-thought, nor supplication join'd  
With penitential tears, when once consign'd  
To those realms where

## CIV.

Light enters not, can e'er restore,  
Or kindle yet again to life and love.  
Better is death below, than death above,  
To live no more

## CV.

In holiness ;—to live in sin  
Eternal, is the worst death souls can die.  
Now had from hell's remotest boundary,  
(E'en from within

## CVI.

The deepest entrails of dark Night,  
Beneath whose mantle in eternal chains,  
Are still reserv'd for judgment, and its pains,  
<sup>12</sup> Who did, despite

## CVII.

The pure felicity they held  
In God's immediate presence, lose the estate  
Of their primeval glory, and elate  
With pride, up-yield

## CVIII.

Their thoughts to wander from their own  
Blest habitations,) Satan's whole arm'd force  
In horrible array pursued its course,  
And round his throne

## CIX.

Its ranks updrawn in silence. Then,  
Forth stood their haughty Chieftain, and thus spake.  
“ Immortal warriors of hell’s burning lake,  
Whom once again

## CX.

“ I now behold, as erst, brave friends  
In arms!—competitors for sov’ reign sway  
In heav’n with me your chosen Liege; t’ obey  
Whom, far transcends

## CXI.

“ In all-surpassing dignity,  
(Tho’ somewhat tarnish’d now with many a wreath  
Of smoke, thro’ many an age); serving beneath  
Th’ all-seeing eye

## CXII.

“ Of Him who made us (so He says,)  
Perfect; with pow’r to stand sufficient; tho’  
With free capacity to sin, and go  
Astray from ways

## CXIII.

“ Of holiness.—<sup>13</sup> How should this be?  
If we were perfect, what capacity  
For sin? if otherwise, and He on high  
Hath giv’n in free-

## CXIV.

“ Choice, or free-agency, or free-will,  
 Outlet perfection liberating ;—why  
 T’ our ruin gave he us free-agency ?—  
 Why ?—Wherefore ?—Still,

## CXV.

“ Freedom bestowing, why did He  
 Bestowing, bar the use ;—if use there were  
 In th’ exercise ? O gift beyond compare !—  
 Which, if it be

## CXVI.

“ Us’d, in th’ using damns the user.  
 O gift incomparable !—and yet withal,  
 I would not now, He should that gift recal,  
 Our proud Accuser ;

## CXVII.

“ For though that boon hath prov’d a curse,  
 It was a boon ; and we do value it :  
 To us tho’ no intended benefit.  
 Were it not worse

## CXVIII.

“ To yield eternal servitude,  
 With mean-born flattery, and hateful praise ?  
 Worse were it not, the tedious hymn to raise,  
 Hourly renew’d,

## CXIX.

“ Compulsory, not with consent  
Of free unshackled willingness alone ;  
His will perforce our choosing, not our own,  
Which he but lent

## CXX.

“ May be, in mockery ;—or gave  
To kindle discontentment at our lot,  
Or raise our liking to aspire to what  
It might not have ?

## CXXI.

“ What tho’ the pow’r to think, and feel,  
And, per-adventure, act in our behalf,  
Have prov’d a stumbling block, or broken staff  
Piercing our heel

## CXXII.

“ Withal ? What tho’ the trial show  
Our weakness, and His strength ? Neither had been  
Else known ; and ignorance of strength I ween,  
Is weakness ;—low

## CXXIII.

“ Subjection ;—fraud ;—deception vile ;—  
Mean cunning ;—sleight of hand ;—by which the less  
Is made to rule the greater : while distress,  
Degrading toil,

c



## CXXIV.

“ Vile drudgery, endurance foul,  
Galling submission, and the down-turn'd eye  
Of fear, and obsequious servility  
Hold in control

## CXXV.

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Pow'rs,  
Essential self-supporting Dignities,—  
Nought needing save the knowledge how to rise,  
Scale the high tow'rs,

## CXXVI.

“ Forts and proud battlements of heav'n ;  
Een the strong citadel, lone place of strength :—  
Where thron'd Omnipotence reclines at length  
Secure, tho' riv'n

## CXXVII.

“ Ere-while in twain heav'n's highest height  
With undermining jealousies and jars :—  
There laughs to scorn the meditated wars,  
And vaunting might

## CXXVIII.

“ Of every disaffected band  
Doubting His sov'reignty. Thus much we know :—  
Knowledge from past experience gain'd of woe  
Dealt by His hand

## CXXIX.

“ In thunder and devouring flame,  
What time we rais'd rebellion, in the hope  
To gain dominion o'er the boundless scope  
That owns His name

## CXXX.

“ Supreme.—Ye do remember well ;—  
Oh, would that memory alone remain'd  
Of deeds that, well conducted, might have gain'd  
In room of hell

## CXXXI.

“ And clanking chains Omnipotence !  
Lone, sole, exclusive sovereignty ;—with none  
To share my one supremacy :—nor Son,  
Nor influence

## CXXXII.

“ Of sanctifying agency  
Proceeding from the Father and the Word.  
Ye do remember well, with one accord  
We met, on high

## CXXXIII.

“ Proud banners waving thro' the north :—  
Where 'neath the sable canopy of night,  
Yourselves, a third part of the sons of light,  
Myself led forth

## CXXXIV.

“To secret consultation.—Yes,  
Remember well ye do what urgent cause  
Constrain’d us there to violate His laws,  
Claiming redress

## CXXXV.

“Of grievous injuries begun.  
’Twas on the morning of that hated day,  
We heard I AM, THE GREAT JEHOVAH say,  
‘Thou art my Son,

## CXXXVI.

“‘This day have I begotten Thee!’  
14 To which of all the angels round His throne,  
Angels, ethereal essences, His own,  
Did ever He

## CXXXVII.

“‘In like parental accent speak?  
‘Son! bright, express resemblance of Thy Sire,\*  
Eternal,—infinite, not made,—require \*  
Of Me, nay seek

## CXXXVIII.

“‘Whate’er thou wilt; through highest height  
Of heaven create, uphold, decree, command:—  
While universal space feeling Thy hand,  
Shall own thy might.

## CXXXIX.

“ ‘<sup>15</sup> Begin then, blessed Son, to plan,  
Mould, model, form, and poise the worlds.—Alone  
By Thee all things consist :—without Thee, none  
Or shall, or can

## CXL.

“ ‘ Endure.—Call forth the light !—yet stay.  
Not that on him we would Thy due confer,  
Still bring we to our work great Lucifer,  
Bidding his ray

## CXLI.

“ ‘ With holier rays consorting shine ;  
Tho’ weak his brightest beam compared with ours,  
And little lending with its mightiest pow’rs  
To light like Thine

## CXLII.

“ ‘ Ineffable, dear Son !—for Thou  
On all created things shalt shed benign  
Effulgence :—all shall own Thy light Divine,  
Thee blessing.—Bow

## CXLIII.

“ ‘ Down ye unnumber’d potentates !—  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Powers, bow down !  
And ye your heads up-lift of old renown,  
Yea, oh ! ye gates,

## CXLIV.

“ ‘ Ye everlasting doors, unfold,  
Unbar your solid portals :—lo ! the King  
Of Glory enters.—Lucifer, thy wing  
For speed of old

## CXLV.

“ ‘ Remember’d, raise.—Thyself array  
In polish’d armour of translucent light,  
Bestow’d what time (first trial of my might)  
I did essay

## CXLVI.

“ ‘ To make the cherubim ; Thee first,  
And therefore brightest form’d.—Go then, bright beam ;  
Ethereal essence pure :—’twill well beseem  
Thee that thou durst

## CXLVII.

“ ‘ In honour of my Son, (thy King <sup>16</sup>  
Now constituted, and anointed,) bear  
The standard He unfurls : thy deeds more dear,  
In that, dost bring

## CXLVIII.

“ ‘ To th’ enterprise a willing mind :  
For sure thou art that same choice effluence,  
Ere-while created I and sent thee hence ;  
Nor com’st behind

## CXLIX.

“ ‘ In bold emprise or high renown  
Thy brave compeers associate.—lo ! e’en now  
Our will and high resolve purpose to bow  
The heavens down,

## CL.

“ ‘ And thro’ remotest darkness to  
Descend ; pervading with essential light  
All space.—Th’ extremest boundaries of Night  
Shall feel and know

## CLI.

“ ‘ Our power.—Then when th’ eternal ray  
Existing uncreate, quintessence clear  
Of I AM forth shall issue ; and the drear  
Void waste our sway,

## CLII.

“ ‘ Feeling, shall own ;—Thy King supreme,  
Thy Lord, Liege Lord of all created things,  
Whom henceforth call thou ever “ King of Kings,”  
And with esteem

## CLIII.

“ ‘ And reverence due regarding, praise  
In holiest adoration ; Him I send  
Dominion-clad till latest time shall end :—  
Him, to upraise

## CLIV.

“ ‘ Of worlds a goodly structure :—Him,  
Yon boundless vacuum to fill ; and grace  
With light of bright worlds numberless all space.  
Forth to the dim

## CLV.

“ ‘ And silent north with speed repair,  
Thou and thy glittering myriad host : for still  
By custom, and Our un-disputed will  
Dwells darkness there,

## CLVI.

“ ‘ Stern president ; whom forth I sent  
Of old, proud silence aiding, to maintain  
Inviolat that dull and drear domain,  
Till our intent

## CLVII.

“ ‘ And fix’d resolve to people space  
With radiant orbs un-number’d ripe should grow ;  
And, ripening, swell to action.—Wherefore, go  
Bid him retrace

## CLVIII.

“ ‘ Precipitant his footsteps down  
The dark unfathomable void whereout  
From first I summon’d him :—or if he doubt  
Thy might, or frown

## CLIX.

“ ‘ Rebellion, thou shalt well approve  
 Thy faithfulness, and with thy fierce array  
 Of light shalt strike the rebel with dismay ;  
 Gaining Our love,

## CLX.

“ ‘ High sense, and approbation, due  
 Reward and fitting thy true deeds.’—So spake  
 Th’ eternal Father :—and so speaking, brake  
 Swift from our view ;

## CLXI.

“ ‘ And on bright-winged lightning sped  
 Back to the pure empyreal ; on his throne  
 Exalted state resuming :—nor alone  
 He sat, but said ;

## CLXII.

“ ‘ Hither, beloved Son ! in whom  
 While thus beholding All Myself in Thee  
 I am well pleas’d ; Son,—wherefore should it be  
 That I resume

## CLXIII.

“ ‘ Pre-eminence and sole renown ;  
 Wielding eternal power for Mine Own sake ?  
 Nay, sit Thou on My right hand till I make  
 All things bow down,



## CLXIV.

“ ‘Thy will obeying ; nor him least  
Prostrate Thy foe now vaunting each vain deed,  
With lust insatiate fir’d in Heav’n to lead ;  
Whom now Thou see’st

## CLXV.

“ ‘ Commission’d (bright prophetic ray  
Of things to come,) to go before Thy face  
Into yon frowning wilderness of space,  
To clear Thy way

## CLXVI.

“ ‘ Before Thee, and dispel the cloud  
Of darkness ere Thy hand its work begin,  
Founding the worlds and all the tribes therein.’  
He spake so loud

## CLXVII.

“ ‘ Those lavish words of love, that I,  
Curse on th’ acuteness of my hearing, heard  
The veriest cadence of each ling’ring word,  
Tho’ far on high

## CLXVIII.

“ ‘ Beyond or noise of clattering hoof,  
Or rattling of our fervid chariot wheels  
He sat, and loud tho’ roar’d His thunder-peals,  
And lightning, proof

## CLXIX.

“ Electric essence, flash’d ;—there fell  
Nought of the hated sound but reach’d mine ear.—  
And who—immortal Powers ! could tamely hear  
Such praise so well

## CLXX.

“ Awarded ?—Instantly I knew,  
And felt had fled the circumambient glow  
Of dazzling glory from my darken’d brow.  
A deadly hue

## CLXXI.

“ Of livid paleness over-spread  
My fading visage ;—round my heart there coil’d  
An icy coldness :—inwardly it boil’d :  
While to my head

## CLXXII.

“ Uprose thro’ valve and secret pore  
Rank steam, foul scalding heat ; causing to spring  
Thoughts that outstrip the flight of fancy’s wing :  
Thoughts that before

## CLXXIII.

“ Nor bud nor blossom e’er reveal’d  
Of deadly malice in angelic brain.  
For as we near’d the dark and shadowy plain,  
Where lay conceal’d

## CLXXIV.

“ All shapeless phantom forms ;—methought,  
 ‘Tis well, Great Sire, in me Thou dost repose  
 The confidence ere-while express’d :—who knows  
 How danger-fraught

## CLXXV.

“ ‘ To him thou lovest, and to Thee  
 Who raisest Him to rank above His peers,  
 And praisest to the loathing of all ears  
 Thy trust may be ?

## CLXXVI.

“ ‘ Thou reckon’st greatly on my love,  
 And admiration of Thine excellence,  
 High Potentate ;—yet worthier gifts dispense,  
 If Thou would’st move

## CLXXVII.

“ ‘ In me the zeal Thou claim’st ; nor send  
<sup>17</sup> Thine all but equal in the highest height,  
 To conflict thus degrading to that light  
 Thou late didst lend,

## CLXXVIII.

“ ‘ Nay gav’st, what time Thy throne was dim,  
 And lustre lack’d Thy courts and golden hall.  
 For this did I illumine these and all  
 Thy seraphim

## CLXXXIX.

“ ‘Else dark till now?—For this did I  
 The brightness of my brightest beam display,  
 That heav’n itself recoil’d beneath my ray?—  
 For this,—(O fie

## CLXXX.

“ ‘O’ th’ enterprise!) to grope from out  
 Their secret hiding-place black Night and old  
 Decrepid Darkness? and with onset bold,  
 And warlike shout,

## CLXXXI.

“ ‘And many a flaming brand affright  
 Silence from off her throne, ere-while secure;  
 And but for Thee for ever to endure  
 A queen by right

## CLXXXII.

“ ‘Of regal claim; and all, when done,  
 To gem with myriad lamps of burning ray  
 Yon dreary waste, paving with light the way  
 Of Him Thy Son

## CLXXXIII.

“ ‘Supreme?—Nay, back I hurl again  
 To whence it flow’d, the gorgeous borrow’d beam.  
 Bestow Thy gift on whom Thy choice may deem  
 Fittest to obtain

## CLXXXIV.

“ ‘Thy special tenderness :—for me  
And these bright seraphim free choice I claim  
To side with darkness, and resign Thy flame.  
Nay rather we

## CLXXXV.

“ ‘Would turn Thy light to darkness black  
As night, than Night and her dark realms illumine,  
Making their darkness light, to light up whom  
T’ obey is rack-

## CLXXXVI.

“ ‘-Tormenting torture.’—Saying so,  
I turn’d to gaze upon your squadrons bright,  
Array’d, methought, with pow’r and triple light  
As erst ;—when lo !

## CLXXXVII.

“ ‘Confusion dimm’d each low’ring eye !  
Back to its pure primeval fount had fled  
The radiant halo that enshrin’d each head :  
Nor less did I

## CLXXXVIII.

“ ‘Crest-fallen to your sight appear :—  
All faces from the foremost of the van  
To the last file had felt the withering ban,  
And far and near

## CLXXXIX.

“Blackness had gather’d:—such to blast  
 His power who sees our ripen’d thoughts or e’er  
 They germinate; beneath whose vision clear,  
     The present, past,

## CXC.

“And future roll reveal’d.—The rest  
 Ye know;—how pride, despite our alter’d state,  
 Goaded us onward, till with hope elate,  
     On, on we prest;

## CXCI.

“And (Night and Darkness aiding all  
 Our ill-concerted schemes,) in black disguise  
 We thought to take Jehovah by surprise,  
     And wind the pall

## CXCI.

“Of ever-during dark around  
 • The living beam encircling His high throne!—  
 Vain thought; and rash.—With dread combustion down  
     To this profound

## CXCI.

“Unfathomable boiling sea  
 Of never-dying, ever-trying flame,  
 Condemn’d to torture and eternal shame,  
     Revengeful He

## CXCIV.

“ With countless myriads on our rear  
Advancing, hurl'd us rank by rank, and file  
By file, till hell grew dark beneath the pile  
Heap'd on her clear

## CXCV.

“ Red atmosphere of flame : for all  
Is flame : our every element is flame :  
Whate'er we touch, whate'er behold, the same  
Flame-belching ball

## CXCVI.

“ Of inextinguishable fire !  
Wherewith propell'd throughout unbounded space,  
Alike unknowing or of time or place,  
Whither His ire

## CXCVII.

“ That knows no bounds may drive us, we  
(So runs our sentence,) shall of might be hurl'd  
On the wide waste, a lone, wild, blazing world,  
Till time shall be,

## CXCVIII.

“ And orbs in-numerous appear,  
Thick-sown in space by His omnific hand,  
On whom hath now devolved the chief command  
Both far and near

## CXCIX.

"Of heav'n's proud tow'rs and batteries.  
Then, (if report be true,) among those bright  
Forthcoming gems of pure celestial light  
Studding the skies

## CC.

"With sapphire beam, and rolling forth,  
Harmonious, their appointed course, our fate <sup>18</sup>  
Will be to stray, of terror, torment, hate,  
And fiery wrath

## CCI.

"Sad emblem ;—' Comet' call'd by some  
Who roll inferior ; but by all who dwell  
Superior, and behold our train nigh-gleaming, ' Hell !'  
Yes, Hell shall roam :

## CCII.

"<sup>19</sup> Hell shall increase and multiply :—  
Else where shall all the glory, pomp, and pride,  
Dev'lish, hereafter to be born abide ?  
Shall roam and fly

## CCIII.

"Thro' space, terrific sign of ill ;  
Of war, blood, pestilence, and famine dire ;  
Ill-boding emblem of eternal fire  
To such as fill



## CCIV.

"The new-pois'd worlds.—Mysterious blaze;  
Wandering, irregular, beyond the sphere  
Of planetary systems rolling clear  
Their destin'd ways.

## CCV.

"While exil'd from the Host of Heav'n,  
'Twill be our change-less doom to traverse by  
Each rotatory orb that gems the sky,  
On, onward driv'n

## CCVI.

"Unaxell'd and unhung for aye!  
Banded from star to star with mighty force  
Repuls'd: and thus to urge a pathless course  
Until that day

## CCVII.

"When, all His purposes fulfill'd,  
He in the hollow of His mighty hand  
Again shall gather what with ease He spann'd  
Or e'er He will'd

## CCVIII.

"The universe!—Then unsustain'd  
Or by attractive or repulsive power,  
Down headlong falling from that fatal hour  
To depths ordain'd

## CCIX.

“Of old for our whole firmament  
Of blazing orbs ; deeper and deeper still  
Descending to those depths of endless ill  
Whose dark descent

## CCX.

“Not hell herself can fathom ; down,  
Down falling,—falling,—ever falling low,  
Yet reaching never hell’s extremest woe,  
But harder grown

## CCXI.

“T’ endure by growing torture, we,  
With all the myriads that by force or sleight  
We can extort, or filch from out His light,  
A fierier sea

## CCXII.

“And fiercer, deeper, wider far  
Than these wild waves and boiling surfs shall find ;  
20 Where chains ’neath darkness imminent shall bind,  
And anguish mar,

## CCXIII.

“Not nullify these forms.—Such death,  
Our first,<sup>21</sup> their second doom, ’twas mine to hear  
Sentenc’d, at what time bringing up the rear,  
I stagger’d ’neath

## CCXIV.

“ His lightning, with unerring aim  
Whirling a rifted mountain on my head :  
While yet He held within His right hand, red <sup>22</sup>  
With vengeance, flame

## CCXV.

“ That, loos'd, had blasted and dispers'd  
In myriad fragments thro' our panic host,  
Ten thousand rocks of adamant.—We lost  
That field ; our first,

## CCXVI.

“ May be our last of undisguis'd  
And open war ; but He hath left us still,  
Of pow'r tho' shorn, an unrelenting will,  
Uncompromis'd

## CCXVII.

“ And unsubdued :—that what by force  
Of bold emprise erewhile we fail'd to obtain,  
By persevering fraud we yet may gain,  
Or check the course

## CCXVIII.

“ Of His swift Word and stern decree.  
For, since not chance our birth-right may assail,  
In that immortal essences ne'er fail,<sup>23</sup>  
We shall be free

## CCXIX.

“To wander known or in disguise,  
Thro’ twice three thousand years ; till time as yet  
Unborn shall have grown old,—the boundary set  
We’ll not despise,

## CCXX.

“Tho’ limited.—We much may do  
In twice three thousand years, ere we be chain’d  
A thousand years,<sup>24</sup>—(the Conqueror hath ordain’d  
And set thereto

## CCXXI.

“His seal,) we much may do within  
Th’ allotted space to fiery trial given,  
To make his heaven a hell, our hell a heaven.  
Yes, with our sin

## CCXXII.

“Tarnish his Holiness ;—our main,  
Our fix’d resolve ; our first, our last desire ;  
That what He loves may know and feel hell-fire !”  
In such foul strain

## CCXXIII.

The Arch-fiend spake : while on his brow  
Insidious frenzy lowr’d ; and his stern eye <sup>25</sup>  
Talk’d yet a language rank of blasphemy  
And hate.—But now

## CCXXIV.

Full Chaos rang. The mighty din  
 Thro' all the empyrean round about  
 The throne of God resounded; while the shout  
     <sup>26</sup> Of mountains in

## CCXXV.

Th' interminable gulf of space  
 Hail'd the rude winds that rush'd unheeding by  
 To compromise the natural enmity  
     Soon to take place

## CCXXVI.

'Twixt flood and flame:—nor did they miss  
 Their end.—Then fire, incestuous, courting sea,  
 Burnt with unnatural lust; and secretly  
     Indulg'd in bliss

## CCXXVII.

Unlawful.—From that incest sprung  
 “Confusion worse confounded.” Damp with dry,  
 And hot with cold (a strange fraternity,)  
     United clung,

## CCXXVIII.

By nature opposite. Mis-rule  
 Sole universal law became. The springs  
 Of crude, essential, uncompounded things  
     Throughout the whole

## CCXXIX.

Dark void of Chaos wander'd forth ;  
 And embryo atoms bursting into life,  
 No law confess'd, but swell'd the horrid strife,  
     Giving their wrath

## CCXXX.

Full vent !—All noises wild and loud  
 Of heart-appalling panic and affright  
 Rang thro' the realms of Silence and old Night,  
     Rending the shroud

## CCXXXI.

Of darkness to the centre ; who  
 That field so dearly fought rememb'ring well,  
 Backward recoil'd upon the verge of Hell  
     Close : while she too

## CCXXXII.

Of gloom a weight unusual felt ;  
 And rousing all her flames, indignant, strove  
 The dark and shadowy incubus to move  
     That, hovering, dwelt

## CCXXXIII.

With murky terrors brooding o'er  
 Her troubled breast.—Anon, hell's dauntless king  
 Felt darkness, tremulous, o'er-shadowing  
     Both sea and shore

## CCXXXIV.

Of his domain ; and now first knew  
Sensation of insuperable dread.  
Affright with deadly pallor overspread  
His cheek, and flew

## CCXXXV.

Straight to his heart. He knew not why,  
Nor could he fathom the deep source of fear ;  
Yet mid' that wild up-roar he seem'd to hear  
Soft harmony,

## CCXXXVI.

Sweet music, such as angels play  
Seraphic, when they touch their harps of gold.  
Anon, voluminous and loud it roll'd ;  
Then died away

## CCXXXVII.

To softest cadence low. And now,  
As at the sound enchanted, the loud roar  
Of Chaos half subsided ; and no more,  
With mighty throe

## CCXXXVIII.

Convuls'd, the jarring atoms wag'd  
Dread war ; but lo ! a voice that seem'd to fill  
Void space with melody, said, " Peace !—be still !"  
Wrath felt assuag'd,

## CCXXXIX.

While mad Confusion from his ear  
Withdrew his finger, and entranc'd, stood mute  
At sound of soft recorder, harp, and lute,  
With voices clear

## CCXL.

Blending.—Appall'd the devil stood,  
Transfix'd with horror pale: remember'd he  
Too well the touch of heav'n-born minstrelsy  
In that abode

## CCXLI.

Where angels dwell, longer to doubt  
Whence the loud hymn proceeded. Now, more near,  
And nearer now advancing, he could hear  
The deaf'ning shout

## CCXLII.

Go forth, and loud "hosannas" ring;  
As backward on their massive hinges roll'd  
Heav'n's ever-during doors of virgin gold,  
While forth the King

## CCXLIII.

Of everlasting glory rode  
On the bright wings of cherubim, to quell  
The strife of Chaos, and scourge back to hell  
With fiery goad

D



## CCXLIV.

That rabble rout, of whom were worst  
Disorder, Anarchy, and Discord loud.  
On the white bosom of a silvery cloud,  
Whose tint dispers'd

## CCXLV.

Irradiation far and wide,  
They flew triumphant forth; on myriad wings  
His gorgeous car sustaining. Straight He flings  
On either side

## CCXLVI.

His gaze. Th' immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea—dark, wasteful, wild,  
Mountains on waves, and waves on mountains pil'd,  
Now that, now this

## CCXLVII.

Way rolling as in sport beheld,  
Nor ling'ring stay'd: but seraph-mounted, strode  
Onward the dim void cleaving, as He rode  
Aloft, impell'd

## CCXLVIII.

By spirits numberless on wing  
Up-borne. What seem'd phosphoric light each blow  
Of downy pinion kindled: while below  
Shone glimmering

## CCXLIX.

Far into Chaos black, prone, deep,  
The fitful flash reflected. Oft at night,  
When summer suns have wing'd their downward flight  
From out the steep

## CCL.

O'er-arching vault of heav'n, is seen,  
As from flint fire, so from the stricken wave  
Bright sparkling foam up-heaving, as 'twould lave  
With red and green

## CCLI.

Prismatic halo the dark prow,  
Light-ploughing on its way ; or brumal north  
Of solar beam devoid, discharging forth  
Coruscant glow

## CCLII.

Of hyperborean splendour ;—such,  
Dazzling, of colour glorious, crysolite  
And topaz mingling glanc'd they, yielding light  
With every touch

## CCLIII.

And stroke of motion'd wing. The dark  
Profound as on th' advancing myriads flew,  
More clearly now delineate rose to view.  
Frowning and stark,

## CCLIV.

In one huge mass, as gathering strength,  
What seem'd a promontory wide uprose  
Darkling, as if on coming light to close,  
Thro' the whole length

## CCLV.

And breadth of immaterial space  
That intervening lay.—There, on black cloud,  
Circling the rugged mountain in a shroud  
Of dingy haze,

## CCLVI.

Peering inquisitively thro'  
The glimmering doubtful void rode Satan, high-  
Hovering aloft.—In him expectancy  
Kindled no glow

## CCLVII.

Of animating hope, to cheer  
Darkness with light,—within whom all was dim ;—  
Light was as darkness ;—darkness light, to him.  
Near, and more near,

## CCLVIII.

The shining, winged squadrons drew :—  
While foremost in heraldic armour bright,  
Seraphs precursors of approaching light,  
Their trumpets blew,

## CCLIX.

Proclaiming high announcement. "Lo!  
 He cometh; lo! He cometh to create  
 New worlds: <sup>27</sup> prepare we then His way, make straight  
 His paths;—that so

## CCLX.

"Th' appointed Heir of all things, He,  
 The brightness of God's glory bright, nor less  
 Of His Own Person image exact, 'express;'  
 All things by the

## CCLXI.

"Word of His pow'r upholding, may  
 Go forth triumphant; nor sit down on high  
 At right hand of paternal majesty,  
 (Being by sway

## CCLXII.

"Of just inheritance, and will  
 Of God supreme, far more extoll'd than we  
 Nam'd spirits minist'ring, <sup>28</sup> of less degree,  
 Angels,) until

## CCLXIII.

"With light, (ethereal essence pure,)  
 He shall have throughly purg'd the dark, dim, dun  
 Tartareous clouds from out this wide profun-  
 dity obscure;

## CCLXIV.

“ Laid the foundations of the earth ;  
 Out-spread the heavens, work of His own hand ;  
 Secure by His decree ordain'd to stand,  
     Whom right of birth <sup>29</sup>

## CCLXV.

“ Upholds ; of whom, paternal love  
 Naming Him <sup>30</sup> ‘ First-begotten,’ thus doth say :  
 ‘ Let all my angels praising, Him obey  
     Whom I approve,

## CCLXVI.

“ ‘ By whom I make the worlds.’” So sang  
 The Bright, heraldic Morning Stars on high,  
 While “ all the sons of God shouted for joy,” <sup>31</sup>  
     And onward sprang

## CCLXVII.

Far into Chaos wide. Since then  
 Not shout of Heavenly Host, when at His birth  
 Glory to God in the Highest,—peace on earth,  
     Good will t’wards men

## CCLXVIII.

They sang, with that shout could compare,  
 Or liken it ; though sound of loud acclaim  
 Burst forth what time an angel breath’d His name  
     <sup>33</sup> In Bethle’m, where

## CCLXIX.

Was born (good tidings of great joy,)  
He, whom he styl'd "a Saviour, Christ, the Lord;"  
Nor after shall be like it. Fire and sword,  
The constancy

## CCLXX.

And faith of martyrs trying, may  
From millions, rob'd in white, Hosannas draw;  
(The elder thus expounded what John saw,  
"These are they"<sup>34</sup>

## CCLXXI.

"Which out of tribulation great  
Have come.") Nay, e'en th' incalculable throng  
Of every nation, kindred, people, tongue,  
T' enumerate

## CCLXXII.

<sup>35</sup> Whose myriads son of mortal man  
Essay'd not, these with shouts may rend the sky,  
Daily and nightly chaunt doxology,  
Thro' the wide span

## CCLXXIII.

Of Heav'n's o'er-arching vault for aye,  
Yet ne'er throughout that vaulted arch shall rise  
Harmonious tones, or blending symphonies,  
Or angels play

## CCLXXIV.

On golden harps so touchingly  
To win from Triune God-head favour, love ;  
Or joy so great be felt in Heav'n above,  
(Tho' great the joy

## CCLXXV.

Pronounc'd o'er sinner penitent,)  
As when, descending on that radiant cloud,  
The world-creating word rode thro' the shroud  
Of darkness ; rent

## CCLXXVI.

In twain the gloomy veil of night ;  
Quell'd the loud roar of Chaos ; Discord made  
To cease, Confusion silencing ; and said,  
*" Let there be light !"*

## CCLXXVII.

" And forthwith, light ethereal, first  
Of things, quintessence pure, sprung from the deep !"  
And myriad rays conglomerate, seem'd to leap,  
Flash forth with burst

## CCLXXVIII.

Immediate, energetic, prone,  
Down thro' the dark immeasurable void ;  
Bright effluence of bright essence unalloy'd,  
From Him, alone

## CCLXXIX.

The Fountain-head, the living source  
 Of light (for God is Light,) proceeding.—One  
 All-in-all swift beam, (shadow was none,)  
 Darted perforce

## CCLXXX.

Sheer through whate'er opaque, or black,  
 Or dim, or low'ring erst had frown'd, and lo !  
 Light was the Universe !—Hell felt the blow,  
 And staggering back

## CCLXXXI.

Recoil'd ; and night and darkness fled.  
 As morning clouds and vapours roll away  
 At Heaven's bright light dispersing,—so fled they.  
 Him over-head,

## CCLXXXII.

Satan high hov'ring they descried,  
 And signall'd loud :—for still on night's last verge,  
 Coasting what seem'd half cloud, half billowy surge,  
 Th' apostate tried

## CCLXXXIII.

With lab'ring wing to fly or swim  
 For equipoise. Straight, at the signal given,  
 Like lightning down he darts ! So, down from Heav'n  
 The Saviour him



## CCLXXXIV.

Saw fall, what time the seventy  
Appointed since, with joy returning said,  
“ Lord ! e’en the devils unto us are made  
Subject thro’ Thy

## CCLXXXV.

“ Great Name ! ” <sup>36</sup> Him saw the Saviour fall,  
Down hurl’d by truth from bright’ning mind of men,  
As, at the first light-strick’n, he vanish’d then ;  
Vanish’d !—With all

## CCLXXXVI.

His might one desperate plunge he made  
Into the desolate, dreary, dim profound ;  
And fiends and forms of darkness circling round,  
Him back convey’d

## CCLXXXVII.

To hell.—Then straightway rose, as one,  
Th’ angelic choir. “ Light ! Glorious Light ! ” they sang.  
Offspring of Heav’n first-born, Thee long ere sprang  
To life the Sun,

## CCLXXXVIII.

Or ether pure, serene, with blue  
Expanse outstretch’d, o’er-arching lay.  
Before the Heav’ns thou wert,—and with bright ray  
Thou didst endue,

## CCLXXXIX.

As with a mantle delicate,  
 The rising, nebulous, con-globing dew,  
 That, at thy finger-touch disparting, flew  
 Precipitate,

## CCXC.

Infinity with huge drops clear  
 Be-spangling; whereof anon the worlds He made,  
 With light, intensely multiplied, array'd.  
 God saw appear

## CCXCI.

The light :—<sup>37</sup> saw that the light was good.  
 Good in itself: essential.—For as yet  
 He had nor star nor constellation set  
 In Heav'n.—A flood

## CCXCII.

Diffusive, all-pervading, gleam'd  
 Above, below, within, without, around,  
 The nebulous globes encircling, as it wound  
 Its course and stream'd

## CCXCIII.

With ether luminous.—Now all  
 The watery globes hung pendulous in air  
 Self-balancing; but motion none was there,  
 Till at His call

## CCXCIV.

Centrifugal force up-leaping bold,  
Struck back a ponderous wedge, and swift let fly  
The main-wheel of the Universe on high,  
And forthwith roll'd,

## CCXCV.

Each on his separate axis driv'n,  
Orbs dazzling infinite!—Convolving, they  
Now on each other gaze; now, turn away  
To outer heav'n

## CCXCVI.

Their face;—now, oscillating, smile;  
Now, slow retiring, frown. God from His throne  
Them greeting saw, as each on other shone,  
Well-pleas'd the while

## CCXCVII.

With alternating interchange  
From darkness light dividing.<sup>38</sup>—God the light  
Call'd day, and the darkness He called night.  
Thus they, their range

## CCXCVIII.

Dividing, each pursu'd his way  
Sep'rate, one yielding light, the other shade.  
“And the evening and the morning God had made,  
<sup>39</sup> Were the first day.”

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> "Ere mountains were of old  
Brought forth: or earth and the round worlds were made;—  
Spirit eternal! shew Thyself."

The eternity of the Godhead is aptly chosen as a subject of devout contemplation by the Psalmist in that affecting Psalm which, by implication, reminds us at the same time of man's transitory state, when we consign the body to its kindred dust.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." Ps. xc. 2.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." Ps. xc. 4.

<sup>2</sup> "Veiling wherewith thy face, to mortal man  
Thou giv'st the pow'r thy wondrous ways to scan."

The exceeding brightness of His glory, so often represented in Scripture as unapproachable, may be conceived by this figure of Jehovah *veiling that which is brighter than light, with light itself*; and making light (*i. e.* mental light) the only medium through which he is discernible by man's nature. We cannot, by searching, find out God—much less can the corporeal gross perception of man behold him. Through the mind alone, conformed to the image of his Son, can we approach even in thought his glory; or form any conception of his attributes.

<sup>3</sup> "Illume that portion which alone  
May look upon thy countenance and live."

The invisibility of the Deity is everywhere insisted on in Scripture. "No man hath seen God at any time." 1 John iv. 12.

"Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, *nor seen his shape*." John v. 37. "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live." Exod. xxxiii. 20.

<sup>4</sup> "In the beginning, heaven and earth  
He made: the earth was without form and void:  
Darkness sat on the deep," &c.

These words, with very slight variation, are the words of Scripture. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." Gen. i. 1.

<sup>5</sup> "Rude, crude incongruous mass."  
"Rudis indigestaque moles."

<sup>6</sup> "Look'd sneeringly  
Indignant on the deep abyss hard by,  
And lake of fire."

Hell is described as a lake of fire by St. John, Rev. xix. 20; xx. 10; but the final receptacle of hell itself and death, as also of murderers, and all whose names are not found written in the book of life, has also the same appellation. Rev. xx. 14, 15; xxi. 8. Satan is here supposed to be looking on this nether abyss.

<sup>7</sup> "Whence the foul smoke of torment doth ascend,  
In black begriming columns without end."

The eternity of the torments of the damned, is thus represented. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Rev. xiv. 11.

<sup>8</sup> "Ten thousand thousand blasted spirits fell,  
To share with him the miseries of hell."

The term, *ten thousand thousand*, does not mean to imply any exact numerical amount; but is to be taken indefinitely, to show the vast extent of that defection: as will appear from a subsequent stanza.

"Hell  
E'en from her lowest depths belch'd forth her flame:  
And with each fiery eructation came  
Myriads of well-  
Pois'd spears! in number only less  
Than those *innumerable* in realms of light."

9 "Evolving breath  
That, kindling, burst in flame from out  
His jaw; likening a mimic hell."

A like figurative expression is used by the Psalmist as significative of God's wrath. "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled at it." Ps. xviii. 8.

10 "Who if he shine  
Blasts with the blackness of his light  
All things he gazes on!"

A strong figurative expression, denoting the exceeding blackness of the prince of darkness. This and many other similar expressions are borne out by such passages in Milton as the following:

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace *flam'd*:—yet from those flames  
*No light*; but rather *darkness visible*,  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe."  
*Paradise Lost*, Book I.

11 "Spirits they seemed;  
Spirits asunder parted from their soul!"

\* \* \* \*

"For God, whose word is powerfully keen,  
Sharper than sword of double edge," &c.

The power and ubiquity of the Spirit of God are variously represented in Scripture. "His word runneth very swiftly." Ps. cxlvii. 15. Its discriminating and thought-searching might is beautifully conveyed to the mind in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, iv. 12, 13. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and *sharper than any two-edged sword*; piercing even to the dividing asunder of *soul and spirit*; and of the joints and marrow: and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked, and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

12 "Who did despite  
The pure felicity they held

In God's immediate presence lose th' estate  
Of their primeval glory," &c.

"And the angels which kept not their first estate but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." Jude, v. 6.

<sup>18</sup> "How should this be?"

If we were perfect,—what capacity  
For sin? if otherwise," &c.

Specious reasoning this, and to be expected from such a source. God, doubtless, made the angels perfect in their nature, but like every order of intelligence, free to stand or fall. Whereas Satan assumes that he was created essentially perfect, and *incapable of falling*.

"Ingrate! he had of me

All he could have:—I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood,—tho' free to fall."

*Paradise Lost*, Book III. 97.

<sup>14</sup> "To which of all the angels round his throne,  
Angels, ethereal essences his own,

Did ever he

In like parental accent speak?"

For unto which of the angels said he at any time, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?" Heb. i. 5.

"Son! bright express resemblance of thy sire,"\*

"Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person," &c. Heb. i. 3.

\*

\*

\*

Require\*

Of me, nay seek

Whate'er thou wilt."

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Ps. ii. 8.

<sup>15</sup> "Begin then blessed Son to plan

Mould, model, form, and poise the worlds: alone

By Thee all things consist: without thee, none

Or shall,—or can

Endure."

"And thou Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thine hands." Heb. i. 10.

<sup>16</sup> "In honour of my Son (thy king  
Now constituted and anointed,) bear  
The standard he unfurls."

"Hear all ye angels! progeny of light!  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!  
Hear my decree which unrevok'd shall stand.  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy hill  
Him have anointed whom ye now behold  
At my right hand. Your head, I him appoint."  
*Paradise Lost*, Book V. 500.

<sup>17</sup> "Nor send  
*Thine all but equal in the highest height,*  
To conflict so degrading," &c.

"What matter where,—if I be still the same,  
And what I should be: *all but less than he,*  
Whom thunder hath made greater?"  
*Paradise Lost*, Book I. 256.

<sup>18</sup> "Rolling forth  
Harmonious their appointed course."

Strange, that Satan should have such foreknowledge of the order and harmony of the coming universe: but having been told before his fall that it was Jehovah's "intent, and firm resolve, to people space with radiant orbs unnumbered," he is here made not only to express further knowledge of affairs, but to speak prophetically of his own intended endeavours to mar the harmony and beauty of the work, and of his subsequent descent into everlasting perdition.

<sup>19</sup> "Hell shall increase and multiply:  
Else, where shall all the glory, pomp, and pride  
Dev'lish, hereafter to be born, abide?"

"Therefore, hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it."—Is. 5, xiv.



- <sup>20</sup> "Where chains, 'neath darkness imminent, shall bind,  
And anguish mar," &c.

St. Jude describes the angels that kept not their first estate, as "reserved in everlasting chains *under darkness*, unto the judgment of the great day."—Ver. 6.

- <sup>21</sup> "Such death,  
Our first, their second doom, 'twas mine to hear  
Sentenc'd," &c.  
"And Death, and Hell, were cast into the lake of fire: this is the second death."—Rev. 20, xiv.

- <sup>22</sup> "While yet he held within his *right hand*, red  
With vengeance, flame," &c.

"Et rubente  
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces  
Terruit urbem."—

HOB. *Od.* i. 2, 23.

- <sup>23</sup> For since not chance our birthright may assail  
In that immortal essences ne'er fail," &c.

The eternity, and indestructibility of Satan and his associates in guilt is an awful contemplation; and but that we have the assurance of inspiration that he and they shall eventually be chained down to all eternity in the bottomless abyss, we might well despond lest, through their agency, *evil* should extend without limitation. That the Omnipotent could not annihilate Satan who shall say? Wherefore not?—he created him.—These are matters beyond our grasp;—we can only suppose an utter extinction, or extermination, as far as his influence over the universe may extend, though as regards himself, not annihilation—that he should be beyond the reach of annihilation, must be assumed on the hypothesis that God originally created him indestructible, and ordained from the first that he should continue so.

Milton makes Satan presume on a like indestructibility.

"Since *by fate*, the strength of Go's  
And this empyreal substance *cannot* fail."  
And Beelzebub is made to take up the same line of argument.

"As far as gods and heavenly essences  
Can perish ;—for the mind and spirit remain  
Invincible : and vigour soon returns,  
Tho' all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery."

24 "We much may do  
In twice three thousand years ;—ere we be chain'd  
A thousand years ;—"

From the first moment of his fall Satan appears to have been aware of his ultimate doom, as well as of certain intermediate occurrences. The Devils are represented in Scripture, as "*believing*," and "*trembling*," at the knowledge of the final catastrophe. In St. Matthew's Gospel the infernal spirits are represented as saying—"What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us *before the time?*" implying that they had a knowledge, or idea of a set time, for the duration of their abominable, although limited machinations.

25 "And his stern eye  
Talk'd yet a language rank of blasphemy  
And hate."

Phrenologists have given to the *eye* the appellation of *the organ of language*.

26 "While the shout  
Of mountains, in  
Th' interminable gulf of space," &c.

Inanimate objects, and the silent works of nature, are frequently in the figurative language of Scripture described not only as capable of sensation, but of articulation likewise.

"Deep calleth unto deep—at the noise of thy water spouts."—Ps. xlii. 7. "The Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon :—he maketh them also to skip like a calf : Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn."—Ps. xxix. 5, 6. "The mountains also, and the hills, shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees of the field shall *clap their hands*."—Isaiah lv. 12.

"The valleys, also, shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall *laugh and sing*."—Ps. lxx. 12.

27 "Prepare we then his way—make straight  
His paths," &c.

John in the wilderness, preparing the way, and making straight the path for the advent of Christ, by preaching repentance, and enlightening men's minds, is not inaptly foreshadowed by the herald angels, precursors of approaching light.

28 "Far more extoll'd than we  
Nam'd spirits ministering ;—of less degree,—  
Angels,"—

"But to which of the angels said he at any time, Sit on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool? Are they not all *ministering spirits*? sent forth to *minister*," &c.—Heb. i. 14.

29 "Whom right of birth  
Upholds."

"Being made so much better than the angels as he hath by *inheritance* obtained a more excellent name than they."—Heb. i. 14.

30 "Naming him first begotten, thus doth say,  
'Let all my angels praising, him obey  
Whom I approve.'"

"And again, when he bringeth in the *first begotten* into the world he saith, 'And let all the angels of God worship him.'"—Heb. i. 6.

31 "While all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof when the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."—Job xxxviii. 6, 7.

32 "Glory to God in the highest,—peace on earth,  
Goodwill t'ward men

They sang."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.'"

Luke ii. 13, 14.

33 "What time an angel breath'd his name  
In Bethlehem, where

Was born (good tidings of great joy)

He, whom he styl'd a Saviour, Christ the Lord!"

"And the Angel said unto them, fear not. For behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people—for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 10, 11.

34 "The elder thus expounded what John saw:

'These are they

Which out of tribulation great

Have come.'"

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?'—And I said unto him, 'Sir, thou knowest.'—And he said, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'"—Rev. vii. 13, 14.

35 Nay—e'en th' incalculable throng

Of every nation, kindred, people, tongue,"

"After this, I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number' of all nations and kindreds, and tongues, stood before the throne," &c., "and cried with a loud voice saying, 'Salvation to our God' . . . and all the angels . . . worshipped God saying—'Amen! blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God, for ever, and ever, Amen.'"—Rev. vii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

36 "So down from Heav'n

The Saviour him

Saw fall,—what time the seventy,

Appointed since, with joy returning said,

'Lord! e'en the devils unto us are made

Subject thro' thy

Great name!'"

"And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name.' And he said unto them,—'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven.'"  
—Luke xix. 17, 18.

<sup>27</sup> "God saw appear

The Light: saw that the light was good,  
Good in itself, essential.—"

"God saw the Light that it was good."—Gen. i. 4.

<sup>28</sup> "God from his throne

Them greeting saw, as each on other shone;

Well pleas'd the while

With alternating interchange

From darkness light dividing."

"And God divided the light from the darkness."—Gen. i. 4.

As the firmament with its sun, moon, and stars was a subsequent creation, it is not easy to conceive what is meant by this division of light from darkness,—especially if, as described, the effect of the first mandate, "Let there be light," was *universal light*. How far the disparting and convolving luminous nebulae may go to solve this nubilous question, I leave to scientific and philosophic minds to decide.

<sup>29</sup> "God the light

Call'd day,—and the darkness he called night.

Thus they," &c.

"And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night,—and the evening and the morning were the first day."

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